



Do Me a Favor

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Summary:

Traditionally, an alpha would present a favor to the omega that they wanted to mate with. That favor could be anything, from food or clothing to a song or a poem. Richie Tozier thought that beating the shit out of a killer clown should be considered a favor, right?

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Author's Note:

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the characters or the fandom.

A/N: I have a fondness in my heart for fanfictions about alphas and omegas. I enjoy reading them and writing them. That being said, I don't really follow any guidelines except for my own, so if you don't like how I write this...uh...dynamic, well, you've been warned. If you do read this, feel free to leave a comment in the towel section down below and enjoy!

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Do Me a Favor

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Richie Tozier was an alpha, a fact that would surprise half the population of Derry and make the other half laugh their asses off. He didn't think it was that odd considering he loved to run his mouth and didn't usually back down from a fight. Besides, if Stan was accepted as an alpha, why the hell not him, huh?

But that wasn't what made Richie stab his mashed potatoes with his fork during lunch. He had a problem and that problem was Bill Denbrough. Bill fucking Denbrough.

Bill was an omega, something that genuinely shocked Richie. He had been friends with Bill for, like, ever and he had never really seen Bill as an omega. A beta, sure, maybe an alpha, but that was a huge maybe. But an omega? No way. Well, Richie had been wrong before. Sure enough, when Bill turned fifteen, he went into heat. Oh, that had sucked for Bill and Richie. For Bill, not only did he go into heat

prematurely, as an omega typically didn't experience their first heat until they were sixteen, but he was at school when it happened. He went home early and his parents had been less than thrilled about what he was. As for Richie, not only did he have to deal with Bill's intoxicating scent that took forever to fade from the hallways even after he had gone home, but he had to listen to numerous alphas in the hallways talk about Bill.

Now that had been torture.

Hearing other alphas talk about how good Bill smelled angered him. Listening to other alphas talk about what kind of favors they could present to Bill made him see red. Whenever an alpha wanted to bond with an omega, they would present the omega they desired with a favor, which could be anything, from food or money to something intangible like a song or a spoken poem. It pissed Richie off because why did every other damn alpha in school think they had a chance with Bill?! Who were they to think they stood a chance at winning Bill over?

But the other alphas in school weren't Richie's problem. His problem was that he had no idea what favor to present to Bill.

Richie had always had a thing for Bill. Sure, he cared about all of his friends, Stan, Eddie, Ben, and Mike, but he loved Bill. Yes, he and Bill had had a rough patch during that whole Pennywise the Dancing Clown thing, but they had gotten through it and they were stronger because of it. That entire summer was more like a haze to him now anyway.

Regardless, Richie couldn't think of anyone else he wanted to spend his time with. Eddie was fun to tease and banter with, but he just couldn't give Richie what Bill did. Bill made Richie feel like he was worthy of being an alpha; hell, Bill just made Richie feel normal for a short period of time. With his home life not being the greatest, Richie craved something more, something stable and secure. And while Bill was an omega, he didn't bow down or roll over like a lot of omegas did. If he thought someone was wrong, he would say something. He stood his ground and he held his head high. Bill was so much more than just an ordinary omega. Maybe that was why so many alphas wanted Bill to accept their favors.

The thing was, however, that Bill had never accepted an alpha's favor, for which Richie was incredibly relieved and thankful for. That did present Richie with a teeny weeny problem, though. Bill never seemed to like or even consider any of the favors he was presented with. He certainly never said anything about liking any of them to Richie, Eddie, Stan, or Ben. Actually, Richie never saw Bill take an interest in any alpha at school.

So, Richie had been at a loss for the past year and a half. Bill was sixteen now, just like Richie, and he seemed just as disinterested as he had been when his second heat hit. Second, because the first one had been a disaster for Bill, so Richie doesn't count it. Anyway, Richie had no idea how to get Bill to see him as more than a friend. He had no idea what favor Bill would really like.

"The potatoes are already mashed, Richie," said Stan, breaking Richie out of his reverie. He looked up from his tray and blinked.

"What?" he asked. Stand gestured to his mostly untouched lunch.

"You've been stabbing your potatoes for the past ten minutes," Stan replied.

"Yeah. They're already unnaturally lump free, so what's up?" Eddie asked him.

"Is eh-eh-everything okay, R-Richie?" Bill asked, looking concerned. Richie blushed just a bit and cleared his throat.

"I'm fine. Just tired. I spent most of last night beating off to porn," Richie said with a slight grin.

"I didn't need to hear that," Stand grumbled.

"That's fucking gross, Richie!" Eddie blanched and looked like he was about to be sick. He may not be as much of a hypochondriac as he used to be, but he still didn't like getting sick, and that included vomiting.

"It was, considering it featured your mom," Richie said with a laugh. Eddie made to smack him, but Stan and Ben held him back.

“What the hell is wrong with you?! That’s disgusting,” Eddie hissed at him.

“It’s been a while since you’ve insulted his mom, Richie,” Stan observed. “Are you sure everything is okay?”

“Of course everything’s okay. Nothing is out of the norm for me,” Richie said before taking a drink of his milk.

“Y-your parents aren’t being assholes, are they?” Bill asked him, still looking worried.

“No more so than usual,” Richie answered.

The bell rang and they all scrambled to dump their trays and get to class. Stan and Ben left them first for their algebra class. Eddie scampered off to health. That left Bill and Richie heading towards their English class. Now that it was the two of them, Richie wanted to ask Bill about what favors he was interested in.

“Hey, Bill?” Richie asked as they stepped into their classroom.

“Yeah?” said Bill.

“You haven’t accepted any favors from any alpha in school. Why is that? Do you not like their favors or something?” Richie asked in a rush. “I’m just curious. That’s why I’m asking.”

“W-well, I just...I don’t l-l-like any of those alphas,” Bill responded, his face flushed red.

“Is that all?” Richie prodded. Bill shrugged, looking more embarrassed than he already was.

“I dunno. I n-n-never really gave it much thought,” Bill said.

“But there’s gotta be an alpha you’re into,” Richie persisted.

Before Bill could answer, the second bell rang and their teacher started class. Richie couldn’t really focus on what they were supposed to be doing because all of his thoughts were about Bill and what favor he could give him.

Bill, like the rest of the Losers, wasn't exactly normal. He wouldn't want money or clothes or a fancy dinner or flowers. Richie couldn't sing or write poetry to save his life. Besides, Bill had always been the one with the imagination for writing. And Richie didn't have any money to buy Bill anything.

God, his life sucked.

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"Stan, I need help," Richie panted up to his friend after running all the way from home to the school. Stan always arrived pretty early and Richie needed someone to talk to.

"That much has been obvious for the past, oh, ten years," Stan said nonchalantly.

"No, no, no. I want to give Bill a favor, but I have no clue what to give him," Richie explained in a rush. That made Stan stop. He turned to his friend, a look of surprise on his face.

"You want to present Bill with a favor?" he asked. Richie nodded.

"Yeah."

"Wow. I wasn't expecting that," Stan said as he closed his locker. "But I'll help you."

"Oh, my, God, Stan. You are the best! I owe you big time," Richie gushed before giving Stan a tight hug.

"Yes, you do. Now let me go. I can't breathe," Stan gasped out. Richie released him and stepped back.

"So, where do we start?" Richie asked, looking more excited and happy than he had been for a while.

"Well..." Stan began.

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“Bill!” Richie called out to the other boy as he ran down the hallway. Bill turned to look at him, a smile spreading across his face.

“Hey, R-R-R-Richie,” Bill greeted. Richie stopped in front of him.

“How’s it going?” Richie asked.

“F-fine. You?” Bill replied.

“I’m great! Ready for our math test this morning?” said Richie. The two began to make their way to their math class, walking past other students who were standing around talking or making their way to their own classes.

“Not really. I hate t-t-tests on Mondays,” Bill said.

“Me too. They’re the worst,” Richie agreed. “Hey, do you want me to carry your books for you?”

His question was a bit out of nowhere and he knew that, but Stan had told him that giving Bill actual physical presents probably wouldn’t get him very far. Doing small things might get him farther than any other alpha. At least, that was what Stan theorized. Richie just hoped that he was right. And judging by the look Bill was giving him, Richie’s tact needed some work.

“Uh, I’m g-g-good, Richie,” Bill told him, looking a bit put-off.

“Bill, you weigh ninety pounds soaking wet. Let me carry them. You look like you didn’t sleep well last night anyway,” Richie said. “Plus, you’re getting over a cold.” It was true; Bill was skinny and only a few inches taller than Richie. A strong gust of wind could blow him away.

“Richie, I told you that I’m good,” Bill said firmly.

Richie deflated a bit and followed Bill to their class. That hadn't gone as planned, but there were other options, right? Stan would know what to do!

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"Bill, do you want me to take your lunch tray up for you?" Richie asked him as he stood up. The bell would be ringing in about ten minutes and they were all finished with their lunch.

"No, th-thanks, R-Richie," Bill said as he stood up.

"You can take mine, Richie," Eddie said with a smirk on his face.

"Mine too," Ben joined in, grinning. Richie felt his face heat up.

"Shut up," he mumbled and walked away from the table.

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"Hey, Bill, would you like me to hand your paper in?" Richie asked Bill as he stood up to take their homework assignment up to the teacher.

"Nah, I got it," Bill said.

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Richie was at a loss. Nothing he had been doing was working. Every time he offered to do something for Bill that he normally wouldn't do, he was shot down. None of Stan's ideas were working and Richie

was at his wit's end.

"None of this is working!" Richie nearly yelled.

"It is a bit weird that Bill has reciprocated any of your favors," Stan mused, mostly to himself.

"Maybe your ideas are just stupid," Richie grumbled.

"Maybe it's you and not my ideas," Stan retorted. When Richie deflated like a balloon, Stan sighed and added, "Bill isn't a typical omega, so this isn't going to be easy."

"Tell me about. I mean, it's not like I haven't been bending over backwards for him the past few weeks," Richie said. "I mean, it's not like I haven't been by his side since day one. I was the one who went full-throttle into the sewers with him when he wanted to look for Betty Ripsom and Georgie. I followed him into the Neibolt house and damn near died! I bit the shit out a fucking clown for him!"

At that, Stan seemed to perk up, his eyes lighting up and a grin spread across his face.

"Richie, that's it!" Stan said.

"What's it?" Richie asked, confused.

"Your favor! You're the one who smacked Pennywise with that baseball bat, making him release Bill from his grasp. You pretty much saved his life," Stan explained. "That could be your favor."

"Do you really think that would work?" Richie said, sounding doubtful.

"Nothing else has worked. Why not give it a shot?" Stan countered.

"You're right. What do I have to lose?" Richie said.

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Richie found Bill in the library, working on the big research assignment for English class. He cornered him in a more secluded section that held the biographies. Hardly anyone else was in the library and even if there were more people, Richie wouldn't care. This was going to be his last chance at getting Bill to notice him and he wasn't going to blow it.

"Bill," Richie said, getting his attention. Bill looked up and gave him a small smile when he saw him.

"R-Richie, wuh-what are you doing here?" he asked. Richie stopped right in front of him.

"Look, I'm at my wit's end. I have done everything that I can think of," Richie.

"Okay?" Bill said, clearly perplexed.

"I didn't think you'd like flowers or candy or fruit or anything like that. And you wouldn't let me carry your books, take your lunch tray, or anything!" Richie said, exasperated.

"R-Richie? Are you okay?" Bill asked. Richie didn't hear him.

"But Bill, I've already given you a favor! I followed you into the Barrens. I followed you into the sewers. I took a rock to the face when Henry Bowers and his goons tried to get the shit out of Mike. I went into the Neibolt house with you. And after you pushed me, punched me, and almost got me killed several times, I still beat the shit out of a killer clown for you," Richie said. His eyes, enormous behind his huge glasses, bore into Bill's own. Neither of them mentioned that it wasn't just Richie who caused Pennywise to retreat. That didn't matter right now.

"I've done a lot of stuff for you, Bill. So, do I still have to present you with a favor?" Richie finished, releasing a puff of air as he did so. Bill was staring at him wide eyed for a moment before a soft smile broke out on his face. He stepped closer to Richie, a light blush dusting his cheeks, and leaned his face close to Richie's own.

Richie swallowed thickly. His eyes ran over Bill's face and it hit him in that moment just how beautiful Bill was. He had kept his hair short, just like he had that summer when Pennywise had been on the prowl. It had a redder tint than it did back then, but it made Bill look breathtaking. And his eyes...his eyes were striking. They were so full of emotion that it was hard to look away from them.

"I accept your favor, Richie," Bill told him. Richie stared at him slack-jawed and dumbfounded.

"You do?" said Richie, his voice barely above a whisper. Bill nodded.

"Yes, I do. To be honest, after my f-f-first few heats, I decided that there was n-no way I could accept another alpha's favor," Bill said, "because I had already accepted yours."

"That...makes no sense," Richie muttered. Bill laughed and shook his head.

"It does. After my first heat, when I was p-presented with favor after favor, I couldn't help but think about you and all we've b-b-been through. You've been one of my best friends for years now and I couldn't p-p-picture myself with anybody else," Bill explained.

"Well, that's reassuring, I think," Richie said. "So, what now?"

"Now, I have to work on my research p-paper," Bill said. "But how about you come over to my house later?" Richie lit up at the offer.

"Absolutely! I'll be there at seven, okay?" Richie said.

"It's a d-date," Bill said.

As Richie left the library, he felt like he was walking on air. Bill had finally accepted his favor, and had done so before Richie even thought to present it to him. Knowing that they were taking their relationship in a new direction filled Richie with a happiness that he had rarely felt in his life. All of his struggling had been worth it.

He couldn't wait to see Bill later tonight.